

## The second part of

Into the hands of Iustice you did commit me:  
 For which I do commit into your hand,  
 Th'vnstained sword that you haue vsde to beare,  
 With this remembrance, that you vse the same  
 With the like bold, iust, and impartial spirit,  
 As you haue done gainst me: there is my hand,  
 You shall be as a father to my youth,  
 My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine eare,  
 And I wil stoope and humble my intents,  
 To your well practizde wise directions.  
 And princes all, belecue me I beseech you,  
 My father is gone wild into his graue:  
 For in his toomb lie my affections,  
 And with his spirites sadly I suruiue,  
 To mocke the expectation of the world,  
 To frustrate prophecies, and to race out,  
 Rotten opinion, who hath writ me downe  
 After my seeming, the tide of bloud in me  
 Hath proudly flowd in vanitie till now:  
 Now doth it turne, and ebbe backe to the sea,  
 Where it shall mingle with the state of flouds,  
 And flow henceforth in formall maiestie.  
 Now call we our high court of parliament,  
 And let vs chuse such limbs of noble counsaile,  
 That the great bodie of our state may goe,  
 In equall ranke with the best gouern'd Nation,  
 That warre, or peace, or both at once, may be,  
 As things acquainted and familiar to vs,  
 In which you father shall haue formost hand:  
 Our coronation done, we wil accite,  
 (As I before remembred) all our state,  
 And (God consigning to my good intents,)  
 No prince nor peere shall haue iust cause to say,  
 God shorten Harries happy life one day.

*exit.*

*Enter sir Iohn, Shallow, Scilens, Dauid, Bardolfe, page.*

*Shal.* Nay you shall see my orchard, where, in an arbour we  
 will

## Henry the fourth.

will eate a last yeeres pippen of mine owne grafting, with a  
 dish of carrawaies and so forth: come coosin Scilens, and then  
 to bed.

*Falst.* Fore God you haue here goodly dwelling, and rich.

*Shal.* Barraine, barraine, barraine, beggars all, beggars all sir  
 Iohn, mary good ayre: spread Dauid, spread Dauid, well laide  
 Dauid.

*Fal.* This Dauid serues you for good vses, hee is your ser-  
 uing-man, and your husband.

*Shal.* A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet sir  
 Iohn: by the mas I haue drunke too much sacke at supper: a  
 good varlet: now sit downe, now sit downe, come cosin.

*Scilens.* A firra quoth a, we shall do nothing but eate and  
 make good cheere, and praise God for the merry yeere, when  
 flesh is cheape and females deare, and lusty laddes roame here  
 and there so merely, and euer among so merily.

*sir Iohn.* Theres a merry heart, good M. Scilens, ile giue you a  
 health for that anon.

*Shal.* Giue master Bardolfe some wine, Dauid.

*Dauid.* Sweet sir sit, ile be with you anon, most sweet sir sit,  
 master Page, good master Page sit: proface, what you want in  
 meate, wee le haue in drink, but you must beare, the heart's al.

*Shal.* Be merry master Bardolfe, and my litle souldier there,  
 be merry.

*Scilens.* Be merry, be merry, my wife has all, for women are  
 shrowes both short and tall, tis merry in hal when beards wags  
 all, and welcome merry shrouetide, be merry, be merry.

*Falst.* I did not thinke master Scilens had bin a man of this  
 mettall.

*Scilens.* Who I? I haue beene merry twice and once ere now.

*Enter Dauid.*

*Dauid.* Theres a dish of Lether-coates for you.

*Shal.* Dauid?

*Dauid.* Your worship: Ile be with you straight, a cup of wine  
 sir.

*Scilens.* A cup of wine thats briske and fine, and drinke vnto  
 the

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